

TWO ODES.
TO
INDOLENCE,
AND TO
IMPUDENCE.



LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall:

And sold by J. HINXMAN, at the Globe in Pater-noster-row.

M DCC LXII.

TWO VOLS.
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MDCCLXXII.



TWO ODES.

Ode I. To INDOLENCE.

I. I.

COME, Indolence, and from the hollow cloud,
 With which all day thou lov'st to shroud
 The gloomy mountain's brow,
 Descend; for lo the wildly ruffling wind,
 Perchance thy airy couch may find,
 Which by his breath thro' heav'n will flow:
 Or if thou'rt sitting on the darkling pine,
 Hung o'er the lake while dies the gale around,
 Slow heave thy heavy wings to view thy shrine,
 Within this wood-embosom'd spot of ground.

B

I. 2.

I. 2.

Three years it took to raise the ample pile ;
 No votary of thine can toil,
 And active labour long :
 From ev'ry fowl I've pluck'd the softest down,
 And poppies wreath'd compose thy crown ;
 And here is soporifick song,
 Of pow'r to drive away each sprightly thought,
 And lull mad Fancy's fallies all asleep,
 Such sweet enchantment is by Dulness wrought,
 And such the force of lays profound and deep.

I. 3.

No wakeful sounds thy rest shall discompose,
 Here never doubling drum was beat,
 No ear-invading trumpets grate,
 But still is heard the bagpipe's drowy hum,
 And drawling notes from harps of Cambria come,
 Which wafted thro' the trees all sharpness lose :
 And winding far below,
 A scarcely rolling stream is heard to flow,
 Which distant joining with the murmuring seas,
 Inspires a calm desire for still indulgent ease.

II. 1.

II. 1.

Here often fable Morpheus loves to tread,
 Oft in the sleep-inspiring shade,
 He drops supinely down;
 Thro' the thick branches to disturb his trance,
 No burning beams of sunshine glance,
 But gloomy mists eternal frown:
 Then far is heard the Godhead's awful snores,
 By Echo answer'd from her rattling cell,
 Where still her virgin state the nymph deploras,
 Where still a fallow maid she's forc'd to dwell.

II. 2.

The God, the feather-footed slumbers tend,
 Drugs of lethargick power they blend,
 The drugs his mouth receives,
 Yet still in spight of all their weary care,
 Their heavy eyes forget to glare,
 They fall amidst the tender leaves;
 Then swells the heav'nly concert on the ear,
 Deep-breathing music issues from each nose,
 Not sweeter that by which it would appear,
 The rough rocks danc'd, and sprouting trees arose.

II. 3.

Then wand'ring Dreamslight skim athwart the grove,
 And thro' each thick and muddy brain,
 Swift skips th' imaginary train;
 And each his hardly-moving feet directs,
 To silent waves whence no fair light reflects,
 All view the darkly glimmering scenes they love :
 Unreal forms appear,
 Pillows and cushions swim for ever near,
 Before their eyes voluptuous sofa's fly,
 And softest easy chairs come gliding down the sky.

III. 1.

All these to soothing languishment incline,
 All these, enfeebling Pow'r, are thine,
 These lead the captive mind;
 Farewell the toilsome hours on study bent,
 Still on mysterious law intent,
 Th' elusive form of fraud to find;
 No more can sweetest Physic now attract,
 Altho' each vain prescription offers gold;
 The sons of dark Divinity start back,
 As they the ancient Fathers' works behold.

HI. 2.

Haste, Indolence, and never let me see
 That restless wight Activity,
 With Exercise allied,
 A careless rustic clown with porter's limb,
 That loves at dawn steep hills to climb,
 Or plunges in the rapid tide ;
 Or early from his genial slumbers torn,
 Mounts his wild steed and labours o'er the downs,
 Rous'd by the sprightly vigour of the horn,
 While some poor panting hare his efforts crowns..

III. 3.

Like him what mighty force could draw me forth ?
 Tho' I confess the pleasure's great,
 To see fair Phœbus rise in state,
 While all the soften'd air sheds dew and balm,
 And every wood and every wave is calm,
 And flow'rs all sweetness variegate the earth :
 But who would throw away
 The golden dreams that usher in the day,
 Castles ascend before the half-clos'd eyes,
 And airy baseless tow'rs hang glitt'ring in the skies.

IV. 1.

IV. 1.

But soft, behold where Indolence appears,
 Slow smooth thro' air her course she steers,
 And grasps within her hand
 A rod, with which like Mercury she seals
 Each eye, Despair her influence feels,
 Still as she waves her wond'rous wand:
 An opiate balm from ev'ry pore distills,
 The melting landscapes closes on the sight,
 Her presence all the cloudy region fills,
 Her far-expanding wings exclude the light.

IV. 2.

The sons of Industry avoid the place,
 With all the bold commercial race,
 That haunt the troubled main,
 And Gallia's flutt'ring breed with airy mien:
 But here Britannia's sons are seen,
 And proud Iberia's lordly train,
 Iberia o'er whose sweet enchanting vales
 Sloth wide extends her all-enfeebling sway,
 And o'er a climate fit for Gods prevails,
 While Culture smiles not on the jocund day.

IV. 3.

Here ends the strain, sweet Indolence; now take
 With gentlest force my willing breast,
 Which always when by thee possess'd,
 Still loves thy pleasing lassitude which charms.
 Each fullen thought, and ev'ry care disarms;
 Nor let me oft thy fav'rite haunts forsake;
 But fix me in my chair,
 Like her once chain'd by Comus' magic snare,
 Till fair Sabrina from her glassy stream
 Brought her cool lucid drops then sunk with radiant gleam.

O D E

Here ends the strain, sweet indolence; now take
With gentlest force my willing breast,
Which always when by thee possessed,
Still loves thy pleasing, lasting chains
Each fallen thought, and every care disarms;
Nor let me off thy favours banish for a while;
But fix me in my chain,
Like her once chained by Cupid's magic tone,
Till fair Sabrina from her glassy dream
Brought her cool liquid drops that mark with radiant gleams

O D E



Ode II. To IMPUDENCE.

I. 1.

HAIL Heav'n-sprung Impudence, by Mars begot
 On lovely Venus, in that fatal hour,
 When by black Vulcan's fraudulent plot,
 The net unseen hung o'er each raptur'd pow'r:
 While leaving all their bright abodes,
 Met the full synod of the Gods,
 And all with envy view'd the melting fight,
 And wish'd to be involv'd in such an amorous plight.

C

I. 2.

I. 2.

Hence to the warlike soldier's stately port,
 And to the courtesan's full staring eye,
 Thou fondly frequent dost resort,
 There, there we best thy genuine force descry :
 And oft in print thou dost appear,
 With counsel for the statesman's ear,
 How best the helm of government to guide,
 And how to swell more high Corruption's foaming tide.

I. 3.

But chief to one exalted clime,
 Thro' all the long records of time,
 We find thou didst dispense,
 With ever nobly liberal hand,
 O'er all the happy happy land,
 The generous gift of boundless confidence :
 And ancient legends say,
 Soon as their young race see the day,
 That plung'd in Shannon's wond'rous stream,
 They strait become insensible of Shame.

II. 1.

II. 1.

Ah ! where is he that would not fondly chuse
 Oft to be dipt within that sacred flood,
 And there with eager haste to lose
 Th' emotions wild that fire the glowing blood,
 The downcast glances of the eyes,
 The blushes deep that sudden rise,
 With all that agitates the human race,
 With feelings quickly keen when o'er them hangs Disgrace.

II. 2.

Had I the mighty pow'r to mount and soar,
 On wand'ring plume thro' all the laughing sky,
 I'd waft me to that river's shore,
 And o'er the beauteous rolling current fly ;
 And oft I'd skim the liquid verge,
 And oft I'd sink and oft emerge,
 And still my brow so oft abash'd I'd lave,
 Till Modesty was drown'd deep in the closing wave.

C 2

II. 3.

II. 3.

Eas'd of that still-intruding guest,
 That cruel joy-dispelling pest,
 How freely would I scorn
 The base, the self-applauding train,
 For ever weak, for ever vain,
 That to their own praise wind the founding horn ;
 And by kind Nature blest,
 With arrogance above the rest,
 Boast that all wit, all sense is theirs,
 And they were wise before their beards had hairs.

III. 1.

Ev'n Wisdom's precious self with look demure,
 Might turn for years the page of Science o'er,
 Might boast her classic fountains pure,
 And bid the world admire the sacred store ;
 But yet if not upheld by thee,
 How very weak the vaunt would be ;
 Unless by thy undaunted look inspir'd,
 Vain might she strive to mount the height she had aspir'd.

III. 2.

III. 2.

Shall still despis'd the sons of Merit pine,
 Low sunk in dark Obscurity's deep vale;
 Must Genius still to woe resign,
 And will not Greatness hear the moving tale,
 Unless with Impudence allied,
 He throws his bashful chains aside,
 And lost to Modesty transmits to Fame,
 Embalm'd with venal praise some high detested name.

III. 3.

Yet hard the struggle to expell
 The seeds of Shame when rooted well,
 And Diffidence resign;
 For if your voice or look betray,
 You cannot force it quite away,
 By Heav'n you'll envy him who digs the mine:
 Still in confusion lost,
 You'll shun the ever treacherous coast,
 Nor hoist the bold advent'rous sail,
 Left Impudence refuse the welcome gale.

IV. 1.

IV. 1.

Were she at once to lose her glorious pow'r,
 How very low would shoals of mortals sink,
 Ev'n some that now the highest tow'r,
 Would almost into very nothing shrink;
 The land would be with fools o'erspread,
 Dulness the sagest would invade,
 Each with his real merit would appear,
 And my well-polish'd lines would charm each feeling ear.

IV. 2.

Then meek-ey'd Modesty might grace the earth,
 With Diffidence retiring from the view,
 Two angels of celestial birth,
 Of beauteous form, and glowing rosy hue;
 Where'er the lovely cherubs rovd,
 Their blushing charms would be approv'd;
 Chear'd by their light would ev'ry virtue shine,
 With flame unborrow'd all, with radiance all divine.

IV. 3.

Farewell alas to thoughts like these,
Weak fool, to think that they could please,
That they could fire the soul :
Then come, kind Impudence, to all,
No more let Bashfulness enthrall,
And o'er the face warm burning blushes roll :
But ease us all in brass,
Hence shall this age each age surpass,
And truly be the brazen nam'd,
Hence Albion as Hibernia shall be fam'd.

T H E , E N D .

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3. VI

Hence Alphonse, Herman and the rest
 And truly be the reason why
 Hence that this age each age surpasses
 But calls us all in brief,
 And o'er the face warm burning blushes red,
 No more let blushes endow,
 Then come, kind language to all,
 That they could like the fool:
 Weak fool, to think that they could think,
 Farwell and to thoughtless the rest.

T H E E N D .

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